

LESSONS LEARNED AT A MOTHER'S KNEE

Words by Wm. J. Wolf

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Around their mother's knee to-night,
My little children cling.
And in the slowly dying light,
I hear her softly sing
The songs that best they love to hear,
Those sweet and simple lays,
They bear me back thro' many a year,
To childhood's happy days.

CHORUS.

But rest assured the years to come,
Whate'er be fate's decree,
Lessons that so taught are fairly burned,
On heart and brain should be,
Will bring to mind those wiser thoughts,
Learned at a mother's knee.

What can she teach that mother dear,
To children who some day,
May be our nation's guardian here,
Or champions far away.
Things that so taught are fairly burned,
On heart and brain should be.
Wisest and best so easily learned,
Beside a mother's knee

But rest assured, &c.

A taller structure may be made,
Than she has ever known.
But all must spring from her who laid
The firm foundation stone
In such a stone the builder place
Records that others find,
So here long hence mankind may brace,
A mother's gentle mind.

But rest assured, &c.

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